

B. N. Bandodkar College of Science, Thane.
Junior College
F.Y.J.C. 1st Term Examination, October 2014
Subject – English

Day: Monday
Date: 13/10/2014

Time: 11.00 am to 01.00 pm
Max. Marks: 50

Note: 1) All questions are compulsory.
2) Answer should be brief and to the point.

- Q. I** **A.** **Read the following passage and answer the questions given below:-** **11**
- People often ask Mark Inglis if he can be any height he wishes. In reply he says, "Yes, I am very short when I'm climbing mountains and tall otherwise". At any given time, though, this cheerful Kiwi is two centimeters shorter than he used to be till that perilous November in 1982. A heavy blizzard at New Zealand's Mt. Cook, where he was a 23 year old search and rescue mountaineer, relegated Inglis to an ice-cave for 13 days. Following his rescue, a major media event, both his legs had to be amputated knee- down because of severe frost- bite.
- Today, almost 30 years later, as the first double amputee to have reached the summit of Mt. Everest, the second double-amputee to scale Mt. Cho Oyu and perhaps the only double-amputee to wear three-quarter pants all the time, this 51 year old mountaineer has a lot to tell people about life. "I don't tell them I'm disabled. Disability is a state of mind. I say I'm a double amputee", says the jolly kiwi, who is in the city to deliver a series of motivational lectures to corporate, schools and whosoever is willing to borrow inspiration from his survival story.
- 1) What was young Mark Inglis profession? 01
2) When did the heavy blizzard take place? 01
3) Where was Mark Inglis at the time of the blizzard? 01
4) What are the spectacular achievements of Mark Inglis as a mountaineer? 02
5) Do you believe that disability is a state of mind? Why? 02
6) Do as directed:
i) People often ask Mark Inglis if he can be any height he wishes. (*Change the voice*). 01
ii) Disability is a state of mind. (*Make it interrogative*). 01
7) Pick out two adjectives in the extract that indicates Inglis is a happy person. 02
- B. Grammar:** **04**
- 1) _____ President has turned down _____ invitation to visit South Africa 01
(*Fill in the blanks with appropriate articles.*)
2) I _____ (see) the view many times before, but it never failed to impress me. 01
(*Give a suitable tense of the verb in brackets.*)
3) The match finishes 5 O'clock the evening. 01
(*Insert suitable preposition.*)
4) It may rain today. (*Change the modal auxiliary to make it definite or certain.*) 01
- Q.II** **A.** **Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow:** **04**
- When you are at home I have no peace
I can't find a quiet nook
And time and again you come to me
"Daddy, read me a book!"
A timid question, a hesitant step,
For often you've heard my quirk;
'Another time, then, my little chap,
You see I'm trying to work!
- 1) What is the father's complaint? 01
2) What does the child repeatedly ask of the father? 01
3) State the reason the father gives to the child for not reading a book. 01

4) Name the figure of speech in the line: 01
'A timid question, a hesitant step'.

B. Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow: 04
It has been long, long since

I have
left my friendship behind in the village
and come here.
Ages past
I feel this day
on the smile of my lips
the lipstick of sham
painted bright.

- 1) Who is the speaker in this poem? 01
- 2) Where does the speaker belong to? 01
- 3) Do you think she is living a life of pretence? Explain 01
- 4) Ages past, I feel this day. Identify the figure of speech. 01

Q.III A. Read the following extract carefully. Imagine that you are Mr. Kaplan and narrate the events as if you are narrating it. 04

"Good morning", he greeted us, then pushed away from the board and began to walk the aisles between desks. "My name is Mr. Kaplan, and we are all about to embark on journey." Feeling a flutter in my stomach, I wondered if I might be sick, then realized it was excitement. Smiling to myself, as Mr. Kaplan returned to his desk, I felt a spark of hope that may be this class would be fun. Suddenly, Mr. Kaplan returned jumped on his desk. "Listen to me", he demanded, as if we could do anything else. "This is not about school. It is about learning and the joy it can give, if you let it". "This is about you," he said, jumping down from his perch with the grace of a panther.

"And you" he said, pointing to various students as he repeated the phrase over and over. When his long, graceful finger settled on me, I thought heart would burst. Never before had I believed there was joy in learning. Never before had I considered that learning might be about me. Then in a hushed voice, barely above a whisper, he said, "History is a mystery, and we are all part of that mystery." You could have heard a pin drop in that class. "We would not be here today if our ancestors had not fought for their belief, for their independence. We certainly would not be free," he declared with such seriousness that I felt duty bound to hear him out. Balling up his list passionately and holding it before him, he continued. "Everyone of you has a history. We have a responsibility to remember those before us and to learn from them." I had to stop myself from screaming, "Hallelujah". "Now I ask all of you to join me this journey of life. I ask you to dare to enjoy this journey. If you can handle that standup and move your desks to the edge of the room." It was a challenge. He was asking us to actively participate in his class, not just while away the hour. Within minutes, the room was cleared.

B. Read the following passage and convert it into a dialogue between Singh and the accountant of his previous office: 04

The policeman dragged him away to the side and waved to the traffic to resume. One of the cyclists who resumed jumped off the saddle again and came towards him with, "Why! It is Singh, Singh, what fancy dress is this? What is the matter?" Even through the haze of his insane vision Singh could recognize his voice and the person – the accountant of the office. Singh clicked his heels and gave a salute. "Excuse me, Sir, didn't intend to stop you. You may pass..." He pointed the way generously and the accountant saw the letter in his hand. He recognized it although it was mud stained and crumpled, "Singh, you got our letter?" Yes Sir – Pass. Do not speak of it.....". "What is the matter?" He snatched it from his hand. "Why

